The Prologue.

CHORVS.

TWo houſholds both alike in dignitie,
(In faire Verona *where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient grudge, breake to new mutinie.
Where ciuill bloud makes ciuill hands vncleane:
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes,
A paire of Starre-croſt louers take their life:
Whoſe miſaduentur'd pittious ouerthrowes,
Doth with their Death burie their Parents ſtrife.
The fearefull paſſage of their Death-markt loue,
And the continuance of their Parents rage,
Which but their childrens end, nought could remoue:
Is now the two houres traficque of our Stage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here ſhall miſſe, our toyle ſhall ſtriue to mend.

THE MOST EX
LENT AND LAMENT
Tragedie of ROMEO an
IVLIET.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregorie, *with Swords an*
of the Houſe of Capulet.

Samp. *Gregorie*, on my word weele n
Greg. No, for then we ſhould be Col
Samp. I meane, and we be in choller,
Greg. I while you liue, drawe you
the Coller.

Samp. I ſtrike quickly being moued.

Greg. But thou art not quickly moued to ſtrik

Samp. A dogge of the houſe of *Mountague* m

Greg. To moue is to ſtirre, and to be valiant,
Therefore if thou art moued thou run'ſt away,

Samp. A dog of that houſe ſhall moue me to ſ
I will take the wall of any Man or Maide of *Mo*

Greg. That ſhewes thee a weake ſlaue, for the
to the wall.

Samp. Tis true, and therefore women bein
veſſels are euer thruſt to the wall: therefore I wi
tagues men from the wall, and thruſt his Maides

Greg. The quarrell is betweene our maſters, &

Samp. Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelfe a tyrant
fought with the men, I will be cruell with the Mai
off their Heads.

Grego. The heads of the Maides.